stairs at least six times dispensing "meds," carrying the plastic water pitcher, Dixie cups, and dosettes. I'd also have removed the breakfast things in the dining room, and put on the soup for lunch.

I'd tell him how I'd worked to get the tenants into the shower. He'd say that was great. He'd offer me one of his Lucky Strikes. We'd smoke on the porch. Then Betty would join us. The tenants had an uncanny instinct for knowing when and where we were on break. She'd inevitably say something about our deal. Adam would look at me. He'd thought I was motivating the tenants to take better care of themselves, but I was bribing them. I'd feel so chagrined. Later I'd notice him with Laura or someone else whom he'd just got into the shower, handing her a cigarette. He'd have arranged for me to notice.

He had his own technique. I think the manager had instructed him to discourage me. When she examined the logbook and read that I'd got half a dozen tenants cleaned up, it made her look bad. Apart from ordering supplies, socializing with the workers (all of whom she rightly considered useless inferior creatures) and, of course, counting the cigarette money, she didn't do very much. She didn't manage in any sense of that loaded word. But once I surprised her by coming in early, and saw where she'd been doing her personal banking business on the office computer. She'd typically forgotten to remove the page. Like most misers, she was loaded. I took away a lasting impression of